

Panic Attack

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Panic Attack

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Summary

"No, Dream has my number, because Dream needs me sometimes."

Basically, I saw the most recent GeorgeNotFound stream, where he talks to Quackity about who gets his phone number, and I wrote out this fic.

The full quote is included in the fic.

Also, this is just supposition. I am not diagnosing Dream with any mental health issues. Just a headcannon.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

George heard his phone in his dreams. For a little while, he ignored it, trying to fall back asleep, despite the clangor coming from the device. Soon, though, the noise became enough to bring him into consciousness, and he remembered.

There is only one person who would call him at this hour.

Sure enough, he checked his phone, and the screen was flashing with "Dream." Without a moment

of hesitation or frustration, he answered. “Are you alright, Dream?”

“George, fuck, I’m so sorry. I didn’t want to call, but the world is actually *spinning* right now, and I can’t do it. It’s too much. I keep procrastinating my work, I can’t sleep, but I’m exhausted, and I just can’t get my brain to stop going so fucking fast!” Dream babbled, going at a mile a minute.

Thankfully, George had heard Dream speak this fast before, and he so he was able to catch every word. “Hey, hey, it’s alright. You know you can always call me. I think the first thing is to get you to sleep. It’s,” he paused to do some quick math, “like six o’clock in the morning there.”

“But George, I have so much work I need to do! My channel is falling behind and the fans are complaining!”

“The fans can wait, honestly. One more day won’t kill them, but one more night without rest might kill you.”

“I can’t sleep George, I’m so fucking amped up, I can’t sleep!”

“Alright, let’s get some of that energy out then. Fuck, what do they call star jumps in America... Right! Jumping jacks! Do, like, 15, of those.”

“Are you serious? I can barely breathe as it is!”

George had expected this. Dream was a little bit stubborn at the best of times, but when he was spun out like this, it could be incredibly difficult. “That’s the point, Dream. Remind your lungs what struggling to breathe really feels like, zap them back into a normal rhythm. Trust me.”

Dream let out a shaky sigh. “Okay...”

George could hear the gentle thumping of Dream’s feet on the carpet, but it was best for Dream to pay complete attention to what he was doing, so George said, “Count out loud, please.”

“Oh my God, George! Ugh... One, Two, Three...” Dream counted all the way up to fifteen, and as he did, his breathing became more regulated, his voice less strained. “Now what?” He asked, panting slightly, but rhythmically.

“Now for something familiar. Describe your room to me, in detail.”

“You probably can picture my whole room by now!”

“Yeah, it’s not for me. It’s for you. Describe, please, and touch each item as you describe it too. I want the full spectrum of experience for everything you find.”

“Yes, sir!” Dream said, sarcastically, but he ran his fingers across his keyboard with a gentle series of clicks and started describing. The phone was on speaker, and Dream hopped, randomly, from item to item, all around the room. He would just go to whatever next caught his eye, and describe it in great detail to George, even the parts that he couldn’t experience, like the greens and reds.

After a good ten minutes, Dream started to trail off, before finally setting down the wooden figurine he had been describing, and saying, “I feel a lot better, thank you.”

“Yeah, you alright now?”

“Mostly...”

“Do you want to do some deep breathing?”

“Yes, please.”

“Alright, follow along with me, okay? Breathe in... 2... 3... 4..., Hold... 2... 3... 4..., Breath out... 2... 3... 4...” George repeated his slow breathing mantra for Dream, as many times as he needed. Tonight was a pretty short go, only a couple minutes, because the exercise at the beginning had really helped curb the panic.

“Alright, Dream, how are you feeling?” George asked, voice calm.

“I’m feeling a lot better, thank you.” Dream’s voice was almost completely back to normal. The strain and high-pitched hysteria had left it completely (though he was still shaking slightly).

“You’ve never made me do jumping jacks before, though.”

“Oh yeah, you were really far gone when you called in, and I’ve been doing some research on my own. Exercise is a good way to help with panic attacks when they are really bad. The more panic, the more physical and in the body you have to be. I’m so glad I remembered what they were called!”

“You’ve been doing research, for me?” Dream sounded so touched, it almost made George feel bad.

“Of course I have! You entrusted me with this, and I am going to help! Just like you don’t start a manhunt without thinking ahead, I’m not going to try to help panic attacks by guessing.”

“Thank you, George... That really means a lot... I love you.”

“I love you too, Dream. Now get some sleep, okay?”

Dream sighed. “I feel better, but I don’t know if I can sleep.”

“Would it help if I stayed on the call with you? Maybe I can do another grounding skill with you, but you’re in bed and ready to sleep?”

“Yeah, that sounds good...”

“Cool... Go ahead and get ready and let me know when to start.”

George heard Dream set the phone down and wander around his room. There were various rustling sounds, water running, brushing, and finally covers moving around the phone. It made George feel better that he had, seemingly, gotten fully ready for bed. He suddenly hoped that Dream had eaten recently, but decided that was a battle for another time.

“Alright, I’m ready,” Dream whispered, settling himself under the covers, “And George?”

“Yeah?”

“Thanks again... It really does mean a lot to me...” Dream sounded a little sheepish, but grateful.

“Of course, Dream. I’m just glad I can help. You want me to start?”

“Yes, please.”

“Okay. I want you to imagine a huge ocean, like the beaches in Orlando, but it’s completely empty of people. Just you and the water.” George paused for a moment, to let Dream picture it, before continuing, “Imagine the waves are controlling your breathing. When the waves crash down, that’s breathing out, when the waves swell up, that’s breathing in. Line up your breathing with the waves.

It's low tide, and there's not a lot of wind today, so the waves are breaking lazily."

Dream's breathing rate instantly dropped, becoming even more regular and slow. He pictured himself sitting on the beach, staring out at the open ocean in a starlit night sky. George was sitting next to him, reminding him to breathe. It was so incredibly calming. He sighed, and sank deeper into relaxation.

George listened to Dream's breathing carefully, heard it dive down and then relax to a normal rate. Then, soft snores and slow, steady breathing told George that Dream had finally fallen asleep.

George carefully plugged his phone in, but didn't hang up. There was something comforting to Dream about George still being there, even asleep, while he was sleeping. They would spend the night snoring at each other until one of them (probably George) woke up and finally ended the call after hours.

At least this allowed Dream to sleep well.

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"There's two people that have my number," George says, staring out at the Minecraft landscape, "Dream and Karl. No one else has it. No one else has it!"

"Wow!" Quackity replies, "Not even Sapnap?"

"No, not even Sapnap." George repeats for emphasis, "No, not even Sapnap."

"I'm gonna ask this when he gets back."

"Where is he...?" George is brought back to the present, jumping around in game to address Quackity in game, "No one has my number. The only people: Dream and Sapnap. No... Dream and Karl."

Quackity pauses for a moment. "Why does Dream-? Do you like Dream more than me?"

"No, Dream has my number, because Dream needs me sometimes. So he... So, I, um...' George starts to stammer, realizing what he said. Oh, the fans would have a field day! *Too late now*, he thinks to himself. "He needs me sometimes for... things, um, and... and I have it so his call goes through, like, silence, and stuff, so he can wake me up if he has too."

Quackity and the chat are both going nuts with this new information, but George just kind of smiles and tries not to reveal more. Some people will guess, but he is trying his best to not let people know what he does for his panicked friend. It was funny that Dream had needed him literally the night before, and it made him smile.

Eventually, they move on. People will clip it and talk about it, but all George has to do is wait until the next time one of them says something, and this one will be replaced by the next.

Just fyi, the final part is a word for word transcription of what George and Quackity said on stream. Sorry if it's hard to follow in some places.

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